

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 3, 1906.

No. 20.

Desire.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

WHEN thine eyes are growing dim,
Weary of the light,
Let me in thy thoughts appear
As the soothing night.

And when life is black with cares
Leading thee astray,
I would in thy heaven shine
As the star of day.

The Laureate of the South.

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.



HE history of genius is a record of grinding poverty, negligence and ill-health. There seems to be an unwritten law that they on whom the Muse smiles must make life's journey without purse or scrip. The poet's gifts are free gifts, but he must work in the treadmill to earn his daily subsistence. Milton brought to the world "Paradise Lost" and received, as some one has said, "the price of a yearling heifer." Dante bestowed on it the *Divina Commedia*, and he was rewarded with scorn and reproach. The inspirations of the poet, like sunsets, rainbows, or star-beams, can not be purchased by the "dollar-jingling" crowd.

The record of our own poets, barring a few exceptions, is almost wholly free from these tragic elements. The New-England quintette—Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and Bryant—although they met with adversity, lived to grand old age and enjoyed

the fruits of their labors: Sidney Lanier, the Laureate of the South, is an exception. Inheritor of all the ills of nature, his life was a noble struggle for existence and before the flower of his genius was full-bloomed he had entered the Valley of the Shadow.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Ga., Feb. 3, 1842. His ancestors were Huguenots who won much distinction as court musicians during the reign of Elizabeth. From these distant, pious predecessors we are inclined to believe that he drew "the beginnings of his own sensibility to art."

"As a child he learned to play every available instrument without instruction—flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar and banjo—especially devoting himself to the flute in deference to his father who feared for him the powerful fascination of the violin." He has recorded how after improvising on the violin "he would be rapt into ecstasy which left his whole frame trembling with the exhaustion of a too tense delight."

He received his education at Oglethorpe College, and after graduation held a tutorship in the same school. On the breaking out of the war, Lanier was summoned from books to arms. He distinguished himself by his deeds of valor, but while attempting to run the blockade was taken prisoner. During his confinement he made the acquaintance of the Maryland poet-priest, Father Tabb. A staunch friendship was formed which is celebrated by Father Tabb in several beautiful songs.

The war ended, Lanier returned home proudly bearing his flute, the solace of all his woes during the long imprisonment, and unconsciously carrying in his breast the germs of that fell disease, consumption, which has cut short the life of so many promising poets. He soon launched his

first literary endeavor, a novel, *Tiger Lilies*, founded on war experiences, but it proved not to be a success. Meanwhile he was sending poems to the magazines, and proverbially all were returned.

In 1867 he married Miss Mary Day of Macon and devoted himself to the study and practice of law with his father. His health becoming precarious he was forced to seek a more southern climate. His condition, however, was not improved in Texas, so he returned to his home in 1873 and in the same year moved to Baltimore in which city he continued to reside, being engaged as flute soloist with Peabody's Orchestra. But if the southern climate did not improve his health, his sojourn in the South was instrumental in giving America one of her most tuneful singers. Lanier had always felt a strong interior attachment both to music and literature, but for his father's sake had studied law. He now realized that he was not specially gifted for the legal profession, but that his every talent was for poetry, and its sister art, music. Before returning northward he resolved to forsake the bar lest he should receive the same reward as the poor servant of the Gospel, who hid his talents instead of developing them.

In a letter to his wife, who alone of all the world had undying confidence in his power, Lanier writes: "All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs, and body-songs, hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

His every poem had as yet been rejected, but at last the editor of *Lippincott's* discovered some merit, some inspiration in Lanier's work, and in 1875 our poet's name was made known to the literary world by the publication of "Corn." Close upon this followed his engagement to write the words for a cantata by Dudley Buck, performed at the Centennial Exposition the following year. The appearance of the poem in print brought forth both praise and criticism. The former from the South, the latter from the

North. Lanier, however, was convinced that he must "split the Alps of criticism," and the momentary pangs caused by the acrid notices in the New York papers gave keener enjoyment to the praises of such men as Theodore Thomas and Dudley Buck. †

The studies in old English in which he found so much enjoyment were now used to good advantage in a series of lectures on Elizabethan verse, followed by a course on Shakspeare which paved the way to his appointment in 1878 as lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. Consumption was fast wearing him away. Each lecture, and there were ten weekly, completely exhausted him and augmented the fever with which he was ever tormented.

During this period of intense suffering it was that Lanier wrote his best poems and also bequeathed to us the most learned and scholarly book ever written on the subject of English verse. Music and poetry were his mistresses, and the laws of one he sought to make the canons of the other. Although Richard Le Gallienne censures Lanier for writing the book and not devoting himself exclusively to poetry on the plea that poets need no text-books because they themselves are the creators of poetic forms, nevertheless for us, the unpoetic, the book is a storehouse of delights wherein we learn the secrets of "vowel and consonant distribution," alliteration and rhythm in respect to music.

In 1880 "the final consuming fever" so racked his frame that he was compelled to give up active work. Burning "with a fever of 104°" he sang his swan-song "Sunrise," a poem teeming with beauty and exceedingly "strong with the spiritual strength which outbraves death." Such, indeed, must be what Mr. Watson styles "the imperative of song."

In the summer of 1881 they took him to North Carolina hoping that "amid the balsam of the pines he might at least breathe out his life with less pain." There, in the presence of his loving wife, the tragedy of his life ended September 7, 1881.

Although we discover in Lanier's work stiffness or even heaviness, we must attribute these defects to his severe application of his theory of music and poetry. Instances, however, of his marvellous vowel and consonant distribution are not wanting in any of his

poems. Witness these lines from "Sunrise":

The tides at full: the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers a limpid labyrinth of dreams.

Or these lines—

Yet now the dewdrop, now the morning gray
Shall live their little lucid sober gray
Ere with the sun their souls exhale away.

His work bears the stamp of simplicity, the simplicity of Beethoven; nay more, the largeness, the force, the suggestiveness, "the world of tone," which we discover in the compositions of the king of musical art is likewise to be found in the poems of our Southern poet. A striking analogy is found between the clear tones and rhythm of Beethoven's music and the no less clear word-tones and rhythm running through all of Lanier's poetic utterances. These lines afford a good example:

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms
Ye consciences murmuring faith under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves.

Lanier's vocabulary embraces "the entire language of human feeling." He was ever conscious of his powers, but he had, what others lacked, the patience to await their ripening. Like Milton he seems to have said: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem." He worshipped both nature and beauty, and for him "the beauty of holiness" and the "holiness of beauty" meant one and the same thing.

But above all, Lanier is a writer of songs, and in them he often strikes the lyric note of Tennyson and Keats. "His work," Hamilton Wright Mabie says, "is full of intellect, but is primarily intellectual." No poetry of the first rank is primarily intellectual. To me it seems that Mr. Mabie places Lanier among the great poets. This is hardly admissible. That he was gifted with true poetic genius no one will deny, but his genius emitted occasional flashes, while the genius of the really great poets burned with a "steady glow."

Although Sidney Lanier's literary career ended before he had expressed the wealth of song that flooded his heart, the fruits of his work "will fill a large space in the garnering of the poetic art of our country."

"Fifty Demerits."

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

The fact that there were some people in the world who called him James made little difference, that was rather to be expected from such people. To all the university men, however, he was plain Jim.

"Oh, yes, Jim Hogan," they would say, "good fellow, too," and that would be all. No one ever thought of him as being anything else, and when the Bulletins were read no one looked surprised when he had but fifty demerits. At the college Jim attended demerits were quite the thing. They were marks to show that at least some one in this drizzly, rainy world had you in mind. Mother and brother might forget you, and even one's sister might fail to report at the post office, but that was no sign you were forgotten, for the demerit was generally on hand, and there being plenty to go round everyone was generally gratified. So, to every man the demerit meant something. To Hogan those fifty meant a good deal, and as he sits before the great library fireplace in Oakland and hears her laughing in the other room, he knows they meant a great "good deal." But that's giving it away, still you must know, for those fifty tell how he met her.

As I said, his college men thought him a good fellow, that accounts for the fifty, and the fifty,—well, they account for her. It's a long story just how he got them, and just all they meant. Suffice it to say that one day ere the springtime had come and the snow left the ground, Jim, growing tired of the same pictures, the same rooms, the same prosaic history, the same routine day in and day out, arose from the armchair—which he had stolen from the "rec" room—and strode to the lone window of his "court" room. Outside it was snowing quietly, and snow-birds perched on the wires twittered across to those on the fire-tower. Jim threw open the window and let the snow fall on him and his discontent, and there, as he looked and looked, he breathed as loudly as he might to the snow-birds "to be free, free, just like you," and then he swore he would.

All that afternoon he spent in "fixing up," and when supper was over he turned his back to the great white hall with determination, and strode toward the city.

The city two miles away, the city with its luminous electric signs and lighted windows, with its hurrying crowds and rattling cabs, its chatter and happy laughter—all these he saw and heard. He stepped from the sidewalk to cross the street just as a cab whirled by him; it came too close to be pleasant, and as he looked after the reckless driver he heard an "Oh!" and then some one laughed.

"Oh, yes," he said, "to-night's Norton's affair," and by the laugh he knew that was where she in the cab was going, for that was where she belonged. And he who had come to town just for the coming, just "to be free," knew then where he would go, found the invitation in the inner pocket where he had put it a week before, and went.

In the ball-room he glided by many who were surprised and glad to see him. Up in an alcove several queried of Brown, the graduate coach, "How Jim got away?" The music broke the conversation, for he came to claim his dance with her who had been silent all the while. They glided through the waltz and neither said a word, for it was "The Blue Danube," and because she didn't speak is how he knew 'twas she who had laughed. Her gown should have told him and the jet cross should have emphasized it, in fact, there were a hundred things that were such tell-tales that he wondered how he could have doubted or guessed.

When it was over he brought her back to the alcove and she thanked him and that was all, only once she looked, and he caught the look.

Next day she sent him her card. So that is how Jim Hogan, student and good fellow, got the fifty. The other day I met him and we talked it over.

"So you 'skived,' I said.

"Of course."

"And got home?"

"2:30!"

"And fifty for that?" I gasped.

"Yes," he laughed. "You see that was a very long time ago and they were more particular then than now."

In 1915.

ROBERT B. MORGAN.

Perhaps I should have left the money at home, and perhaps I shouldn't. I had quite a debate with myself before I left the house. I put the question this way: Resolved, that I leave the money behind. I could not lose the debate, for I represented both the negative and the affirmative side; but I did not want to lose the money. Myself and I after a lengthy discussion finally gave the decision in favor of the negative. The minute I left the house I began to wonder if I had rendered a fair decision and if my judgment had been good. At times I thought I used the best of judgment, and then there were times when I felt like going back and putting the money under the parlor rug. I had quite a few of the kopecks, I am glad to say. If I left them at home, the house might burn or burglars might find them, and if I took the money along I might be waylaid. Well, it was too late now for any further arguments. The decision had been given, and I had lost and won at the same time. It was an even money bet that I would lose and *vice versa*. I don't remember whether I wagered anything or not. I guess I was too heated in the discussion to consider that point, and, then, I had enough to hold me for a while anyway.

As I walked down the street, the question would continually come before my mind, though I tried hard to discard it. Every time I heard a man walk behind me I imagined he was a highwayman, one of the notorious sort, and I would duck my head in order to lessen the blow that I thought was sure to come. But each in turn passed by and allowed me to go my way unmolested.

The girl? Yes, I must call on the girl to-night. I did not remember whether I had a date with her or not. The telephone would solve my perplexity, I thought.

"No, Bob," she said, "you have no engagement with me; but come up anyway. I'm not busy and we can have a good time."

A little more was added; but I think it was of the warm sort, so I did not pay much attention to it. Probably some of you

have heard the same thing. Suffice it to say that I had quite a "drag," as you will call it, and she had a fair "drag" with me.

I looked at my watch. It was just half past eight. I would be at her home by nine at the latest. Not a very good hour to pay a call; but bear in mind, I had a "drag." When I got on the car I noticed a fellow; he appeared to be refined enough, but I noticed that he was gazing intently at me. My thoughts at once ran back to the debate I had engaged in, and I thought the judge had been partial. This fellow—I will tell you his name now because you would hear it before I finished anyway, John Mayborn,—kept looking at me, and every time I gazed at him he turned his eyes away. I hoped he would get off the car before I did. A highwayman, I have heard, alights when his prey alights, and then "lights" on his prey. I did not want to be preyed or lighted upon, so I hoped my inquisitive friend would "skeedadle." I guess he was wishing the same thing in regard to me. Probably he had become tired of waiting for the cash. I had waited a long time for the money I had, so I made up my mind that John would wait forever, if I had anything to say about it. Why I continually thought of this fellow as a robber, I do not know. His face was "just lovely," and he was well dressed. But as I had always been given to understand that all highwaymen dressed well, I found it easy enough to draw the conclusion that this man was a robber. Still, I could give no further reason.

My street came next, and I motioned to the conductor to ring the bell. The car stopped, and John made his exit. I remained on the car. John looked behind, and when he saw that I was not going to get off he stepped on the car again. Now I was convinced that my money was not worth the paper it was printed on. There was no use in keeping up the suspense any longer, so I alighted at the next corner. John did the same, but he was a little behind me. I walked fast and my pursuer did likewise. I turned around and he motioned for me to stop. I ran and he gave chase, calling, "Halt" at the top of his voice. The people in the vicinity considered me the thief, I guess, for they took up the pursuit. At last, tired out, I leaned against a lamp post and

kissed my money good-bye.

"Hello, Bob," John said, "don't you remember me? I was one of your classmates at Notre Dame."

"Why, how do you do, John. I thought—"

"Never mind; I know what you thought. I would have spoken to you, but the joke was too good to keep. How is the girl?"

"Fine; I have a date with her to-night. Come on up."

The School-House on the Hill.

J. L. MADDEN.

A PLACE that e'er is dear to me,
And in my dreams I often see,
A vision of the time-worn sill
Of the old school-house on the hill.

And as I dream that pleasant dream,
I wander up the rippling stream
With schoolmates dear who played with me
Beneath the spreading maple tree.

Around it then the green grass grew,
And o'er it then the wild birds flew
To chant their simple songs of cheer
To children who were playing near.

Those children now have left that place,
And to life's 'duties turned their face;
But others roam by that same stream,
And view its rolling bosom gleam.

And on each summer afternoon
The smithy played his merry tune
With tools he well knew how to ply
To children who were passing by.

The teachers all to us were dear,
With whom we spent each prosperous year,
With whom we parted at its close,
And left the place in sweet repose.

The dearest one who filled the place
Now sleeps within the grave's embrace;
The grass is waving o'er her head,
The stone there tells the life she led.

Such were our school-days on the hill,
And such our memories of the sill
Worn by the constant tramp of feet,
As swiftly on each year doth fleet.

And though our school-days now have fled,
We'll not forget the life we led
There in the cool, refreshing air
With naught of sorrow or of care.

For many men grown old and grey
Allow their hearts e'en to this day
To dwell beneath the roof at will
Of the old school-house on the hill.

Sketch.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

Looking from a north window of a certain old cabin that I have in mind may be seen a wide field stretching away to the hills. It is very beautiful in the summer time, but I think it hardly more beautiful than in the winter, when it is covered with snow. In the summer the blending of many colors stands out against the north bank of hills. Many irregular objects come into perspective. Yonder a clump of pine trees which in the white light of the moon stands ghastly and forbidding. Across to the northeast and following the lines around more directly east may be seen patches of variegated plants. In the winter, when the snow has fallen steadily for a day covering this vast plain to the depth of ten or twelve inches, the plain then is not very beautiful at first, but in the evening the sun drives around to the northwest, and the long slanting beams shoot across the wide stretch scintillating and dancing with many a wayward shimmer upon the spotless cover.

The sun as it sets seems to sink among the distant foothills. Large, brilliant clouds float before trying to screen it from the eye, as if all was a grand stage and the curtains were waved back and forth by the hands of angels. Maybe though the clouds have risen up from below the evening horizon to receive the prodigal sun upon their snowy bosom.

These clouds are not seen there at any other time of day, and though the sun in setting may be splendid enough in its own glory, I wish to believe that they rise to receive it, enhancing its setting a thousand-fold as they hang out-limned against the deep blue of the evening sky. The sun is most beautiful now; its last rays are still lingering over the crest of whiteness, and one by one they leave, drawing away gently and slowly until they have faded beyond the western horizon.

Popping the Question.

EDWARD J. KENNY, '07.

The admirers of Euphie Stothart were many, for she had charms that soothed the most fastidious young man in the village of Easton. More than once had her company been sought by certain lovers of her eximious beauty, yet she cared for none but Sam Bartlett. It was a mystery to Sam's rivals what pleasure this lovely girl could find in his company. He was a lean, ungainly fellow, with a sober countenance, wanting in sentiment, cold and embarrassed in conversation; in fine, he was everything but popular among his acquaintances. For all that he possessed some redeeming feature, because Euphie loved him.

Every Sunday evening, when the season and the weather were favorable, this seemingly happy couple could be seen strolling the promenade bordering the lake. It appeared strange to the gossips, who chanced to meet them on these usual excursions, that they never spoke, and would heartily respond on being saluted by a friend.

During one of these walks, they chanced to seat themselves upon a rustic bench under the shady branches of some stately maples. The evening was exceptionally balmy. The placid, mirror-like waters of the limpid lake were enchanting beneath the silvery rays of the moon. The crickets in the grass sang a doleful melody and from over the lake came in a musical strain, "Jolly will we be to-night."

The two were silent apparently in the perfect bliss of mutual understanding. At one time Euphie sighed gently and moved about as if growing impatient. Sam realized the situation, and hesitatingly drew more closely to her. Taking her soft hand in his own and lowering his voice to the least attenuation of a whisper, he said:

"Euphie, I have one question to ask you to-night. Your answer shall seal my future happiness. My affections never so much as wander from you, my love; for in you are centred all my hopes. Everything in my power shall be done to make you as happy as possible. Don't keep me in misery. Tell me, my dear—I am really in earnest."

ENTHUSIASM in the idea is dead when not sustained by enthusiasm in the deed.—A. E. B.

How Tom Went to the Play.

JAMES D. JORDAN, '07.

The Lyceum Theatre was the centre of attraction that night. "Julius Cæsar" was to be played, and, of course, seats were commanding a high price. Tom Jenkins had purchased tickets for himself and Hattie Williams. Tom hustled that day so that he would finish his work in time to take Hattie to the play. After supper he directed his steps to a small brick house on Madison Avenue. When he rang the bell Hattie came to the door, and welcomed him with:

"Good evening, Tom; I see you are on time."

Jenkins looked at his watch and said: "It is half-past seven now. Yes, we can just about get to the theatre at a quarter-past eight. We shall start as soon as it is convenient for you."

"Very well," replied Hattie, "I shall be ready in a minute."

She then hurried upstairs. One minute passed, ten minutes, and still she did not return. After a half hour or so she came down all ready to start. She said:

"Pardon me, Tom, for being so long, but I—I really couldn't get ready any sooner. I suppose you think that my minutes are long ones."

"Oh, that is all right," replied Tom, "we shall not miss much of the play anyway. Of course, the first part doesn't make much difference."

He pretended that he didn't care about being late, but at the same time he was rather provoked to think that he would miss the opening act. He said, "I guess we had better take an Eighth Avenue car and get transfers."

"Yes," replied Hattie, "I think that will be much better than going up to Sixteenth Street. Of course, we shall not have to get transfers if we take that car, but we would have to walk several blocks."

Just then the Eighth Avenue car came along and they boarded it. They got transfers for Harmony Place (the site of the Lyceum Theatre). As they were waiting for that car, Tom glanced up at

the Court House clock to see the time.

"Hattie, it is now half-past eight. It will probably be after nine o'clock before we get to the theatre. Then the second act will be almost over, and it will be difficult to follow the remainder of the play, not having seen the first part. Is there any other amusement that we can take in instead of the play?"

"I am sorry, Tom," replied Hattie, "that we are late for the play, and I don't know of any other amusement in town to-night. Maybe it would be just as well for us to go to the play anyway. Surely no more than half of it will be over. I think that we can follow the latter part of it pretty well."

"I have an idea," said Tom jokingly, "instead of going to the play, let us go up to Alderman Miller's and get married" (this was before marriage licenses were required).

Hattie saw from the expression on his face that he was not in earnest. She thought she could continue the joke as long as he, so she answered readily:

"That's a good idea, Tom; let's do that."

They started in the direction of Alderman Miller's office. Tom was a fellow who scarcely ever backed out of anything. He made up his mind that he was going to be "game" in this case. Hattie was just as determined that she would not be the first to give in. They were both so surprised at each other's strong determination that, it is needless to say, few words were spoken on the way.

Soon the Alderman's office was in sight. Hattie and Tom were each waiting for the other to call the challenge off. They both walked boldly into the office. Tom stated his purpose to the Alderman. Presently Hattie said:

"Do you really mean it, Tom?"

The latter did not reply until the Alderman said a few words; then he answered: "I do."

THE courage to which we train ourselves by reflection and discipline, is not only nobler, but more invincible than that which is merely constitutional. It is the virtue of a man, not the instinct of an animal.—*Spalding*.

A Picture.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

TO-NIGHT my spirit flies to thee
 Across the years.
 My happy boyhood days I see
 Through all my tears.

I see thee as I did of yore
 In the green wood,
 The little checkered dress you wore,
 And the pink hood.

Ah, strange to say that faded face
 Upon the wall
 Should bear me through long years of space
 Unto my all.

A Vacation Reminiscence.

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.

In the fading twilight of an August evening our canoe grated on the shore of an island which was to be my home for a few days,—an island whose only inhabitants were "redskins." Twas not with sorrow I left the canoe, but it was with pain I rose to my full height on *terra firma*. During the trip, which consumed the greater part of two hours and a half, I had to sit as straight and motionless as an Egyptian mummy, for my guide, the chieftain's son, had laid particular stress on the fact that we would be in immediate danger of upsetting were I to move.

On our arrival I was escorted to the hut of the once lord of the tribe, a man of massive frame and striking physique; and although advanced in years the ardor of youth still coursed his veins. Before the wigwam blazed a fire over which was placed a plank of maple wood. On the plank were some four or five white fish, undergoing the process of roasting. I had often heard of a "white-fish plank," but I never knew the signification of the expression. Were I a "lord of language" I could not describe the delicious taste of fish thus cooked. The rich odor of the maple mingles with that of the fish, and the product more than delights the palate.

Save for a few buoys gleaming on the

deep, guiding the approach to our home and the dull blaze of the dying fire, the island was wrapt in darkness when we tightened the blankets around us and sought rest. Visions of tomahawks and scalping knives surged through my brain ere sleep overtook me, but once asleep I was impervious to everything save the whistle of a passing steamer which awoke me just at sunrise. Stiff and sore as I was from the trip across the lake, my night's rest on the ground augmented these sensations unbearably. Luckily the day was Sunday, so there would be no need of much exertion.

A solemn stillness hovered over the island broken only by the soft music of the waves or the call of a bird to its mate. About seven the "good Padre"—the Black Robe, as he is still called, although as a good Franciscan he wears the brown habit—appeared before our wigwam accompanied by some fifty Indians and squaws, wending their way to the church to assist at the divine Rites. We joined the group and journeyed to the other tepees lying between ours and the church. When all had arrived at the sacred edifice the redskins entered, and commenced the recitation of the Rosary. When one has heard the Indians pray in their native tongue, it does not require much imagination to form an idea of what the "war whoop" must have been. That there are no consumptives amongst them, we take for granted; and in order to arrive at some notion of the sound emitted by these children of the primeval race recall the volume of sound produced by a band of twenty-five instruments, each playing *forte*. During Mass hymns were sung by the choir, and I feel certain that if anyone who holds that there is no such thing as discord were present he would abandon his opinion. Truly, the Lord can not turn a deaf ear to their prayers!

When the august sacrifice is ended the congregation betakes itself to the silent city, God's Acre, which is situated at the rear of the church. 'Tis a strange sight one is admitted to when he enters an Indian cemetery. We feel transported to the Orient and are wandering through the tombs and vaults of China and Japan.

Over each grave is erected a house about three feet in height, the length and width

corresponding to the grave. It is built of birch bark, dyed with the most brilliant colors one can conceive. Birds, beasts and flowers are not inartistically painted on the roof and in the interior. Within there are several rows of shelves and on them are placed food for the departed one and his attending spirits. If any of the Indians were to eat of this food they would thereby commit a grievous crime and would be forever pursued by the spirits of the deceased. The Indians, however, do not worship their ancestors as do the Orientals. Their devotion is nothing but continued custom, which is now fast falling into disuse. With bowed head, they breathe a *De Profundis*, then silently withdraw to conduct the Padre to his canoe as he starts for the next mission.

The Indians are much the same now as they ever were, for the most part sluggish and lazy, scarcely providing themselves with sufficient food for each day; but they still possess that inordinate craving for "fire-water" which has ever been characteristic of their race.

The squaw is, as of old, the worker. She hunts the porcupine, dyes his quills and weaves them into her baskets of birch bark and "sweet grass." She assists in making the canoe and sails the boat to the mainland while her spouse calmly sits in the bow, holding the baskets and trinkets, dreaming of that delightful past when his ancestors, not restricted to a few acres of unfertile soil, could roam the woods at pleasure.

The Indian has been wronged; his land has been shamefully snatched from him. No opportunities have been offered him whereby he could better his condition, and this is the reason why after these long centuries since Columbus first gazed on America, that the American redskin has not until now begun to embrace the civilization of which we so justly and proudly speak.

SINCE man's nature is complex we think of his endowments as high or low; but it is an error to imagine that anything that helps to make a man can be low, or that the educator may aim at anything less than to bring forth the whole man, striving all the while to give reason control of the other powers.—*Spalding*.

The Man of the Hour.

It was Saturday night and we were all played out after the week's hard work. Davis had retired early, for he intended to be up at dawn next morning to accompany a band of hunters on their chase. He must, he said, enjoy the anniversary of his birthday in some way, and as things at that time were dead around the swamp the only thing to do was to go where he could make fun. We sat for some time around the fire smoking, and talking, watching the embers grow lifeless one by one until the last log burned into whiteness. The night was growing cold and the wind as it whistled through the crevices in the wall brought to my mind many weird stories I had heard told from the time I was a mere boy of seven. We retired soon after the fire had died out and I never felt a bed more cosy than the one in which I slept that night. It was so comforting in its warmth that I felt like staying awake to enjoy it, but my eyes were heavy and the things of day soon faded from my mind. I knew not how long I had slept, but I was suddenly awakened from a deep sleep by the cry of some one across the room.

"There's a man in the house," he shouted; "there's a man in the house."

I was the youngest of the band, but my courage was equal to that of the eldest, and without a moment's hesitation I sprang to my feet. As I touched the floor the old clock had just ceased sounding the hour of midnight and an icy chill partly from the cold and, I fear, partly the effect of stories I had heard of taking place at midnight ran through my bones. I stood for a minute at my bed and the same cry rang out again.

"There's a man in the house; there's a man in the house."

It came from Davis' bed and I sprang across the room to help him.

"Where is he?" I said; "where is he?" All heads had been raised from their pillows and the eyes of all were turned on me. Davis seized me by the arm and shouted.

"Bravo! Nothing serious old pal. I'm the man, I'm just twenty-one." T. E. B.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.
Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, March 3, 1906.

Board of Editors.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '06

CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, '06	JOHN F. SHEA, '06
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	EUGENE P. BURKE, '06
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	JOHN M. RYAN, '06
THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	JOHN C. MCGINN, '06
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	LEO J. COONTZ, '07
CORNELIUS HAGERTY, '06	EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07
WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.	

—The season of Lent has begun and as we are not called on to fast we should do our fair share of penance in some other way. The reason why we are dispensed is that the severe mental labor we are supposed to be doing combined with the strain of fasting would be too much for our health. We ought, therefore, to recollect ourselves and see whether we are really working as hard as the Bishop and others interested in us think we are, and whether we really deserve the dispensation granted to us. We are here to study and to become educated men. A boy who does not study faithfully has no right to the dispensation enjoyed by the student body and is a downright hypocrite, deceiving both the Bishop and his parents, and professing to be what he is not—a student. Let us, then, forego extraordinary amusements and make Lent a season of serious, hard work and self-discipline.

—Despite the startling disclosures of graft and dishonesty in our national legislative body we are still constrained to believe that there are a few men of probity and prudence wearing the senatorial toga. Not the least of these is La Follette of Wisconsin,

who recently introduced into the United States Senate a measure intended to eradicate many of the evils which now taint elections to political office. His bill contemplates compelling a strict account of campaign expenditures to be filed with the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and prohibiting corporations from directly or indirectly contributing funds to prospective officials. Whether or not Mr. La Follette's plan is feasible is an entirely different question. Our chief concern is that the heart of the man from the Badger State is in the right place. Perhaps this is not extravagant praise, but still it means much in a time when men with consciences in proportion to their talents are as scarce as Colonels in the South before the war. La Follette is on the right road; and he will bear watching.

—If we are to credit newspaper reports Emperor William of Germany has been guilty of another foolish speech; and this last is as full of fire and brimstone and blatant belligerency as his previous utterances. After effectually wrecking all hopes of satisfactory conclusions in the Algecirras conference he now sees fit to throw another bomb among the nations by intimating that he is ready for another war with France. It seems characteristic of the German ruler to be continually gadding about with the chip on his shoulder. There is danger in this attitude, for retributive justice holds in international politics as well as in street-arab strife—the bully is ultimately beaten. It may be only a new move to secure notoriety, but that too is dangerous since nations hate to be hoaxed. The Kaiser would do well to keep out of the limelight for a while.

—“In many respects the college man has as much to learn from the workman and the business man as they have from him,” Secretary Taft remarked quite recently. This is only partly true, for he has mistaken the degree of the adjective. College men have more to learn from the outside world than it has from them. More in the same proportion as it is harder to apply knowledge than to acquire it; as it is harder to make than to define a basket.

Prizes for Economic Essays.

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate an examination of the value of college training for business men, a committee, composed of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman; Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Clark College, have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx, of Chicago, to offer again in 1907 four prizes for the best studies on any one of the following subjects:

- 1 The practical wisdom of freeing raw materials, essential to subsequent manufactures, from customs-duties when entering the United States.
- 2 The best methods of obtaining an elastic currency in times of panic.
- 3 To what extent and in what form are Socialistic tenets held in the United States?
- 4 In what respect and to what extent have combinations among American railways limited or modified the influence of competition?
- 5 The best methods of avoiding resort to force by labor unions in their contests with employers.
- 6 The effect of "trusts" upon the prices of goods produced by them.
- 7 How far does the earning power of skill obtain under a régime of trade unions?
- 8 A critical study of modern commercial methods for distributing products to consumers.
- 9 The development of economic theory since John Stuart Mill.

A first prize of \$1000, and a second prize of \$500 in cash are offered for the best studies presented by Class A, composed exclusively of persons who have received the bachelor's degree from an American college in 1895 or thereafter.

Moreover, a first prize of \$300 and a second prize of \$150 in cash are offered for the best studies presented by Class B, composed of persons who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. No one in Class A may compete in class B; but any one in Class B may compete in Class A. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of \$1000 and \$500 to undergraduates if the merits of the papers demand it.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and, although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the year when the bachelor's degree was, or is likely to be received, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, and the institution which conferred the degree, or in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on before June 1, 1907, to

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, ESQ.,

University of Chicago.

Box 145, Faculty Exchange.

Chicago, Ill.

Here is an excellent opportunity for young students. The nine subjects selected by the Committee make it possible for students of all collegiate courses to compete with a fair chance of winning the coveted prize. Students who are following special courses in economics will find this work right in their line. These prizes which are the most enticing that have been offered for some time will no doubt elicit much competition. Hence the necessity of getting to work at once. Many of those who expect to receive their degree in June will have to hand in a thesis on some subject relevant to their courses. Why not select one of the above named subjects for a thesis? A little more time spent in the preparation of these papers may merit one of the above prizes. At any rate the same thesis will serve both purposes. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Railroad Electro-Gas Signals.*

The electro-gas signals, constructed by the Hall Signal Co., is one of the most advanced steps in railroad signaling. The simplicity of the gas mechanism and its ease of operation appeal at once to all signal engineers who are accustomed to the more complicated electric semaphore; and its reliability under all weather conditions and low cost of operation make it ideal for automatic signal work.

The gas signal is used not alone as an

* Paper read at the meeting of the Electrical Society.

tuaomatic signal on a number of the leading railroads in the United States, but is being substituted for advance home and distant mechanical signals at interlocking plants where the latter can not be reliably operated from the interlocking cabins by mechanical connections.

The controlling power of the electro-gas signal is electricity; the operating power liquified carbonic acid gas. The liquified gas, stored in a receptacle in proximity to the signal, is normally at a pressure of from 600 to 1200lbs. per square inch, and is reduced through a regulating valve to from 40 to 60lbs. pressure for the operation of the signal.

The cost of operating the gas signal is considerably less than in any other form of automatic semaphore signal. The clutch magnets which control the operation of the signal require an electrical energy of two-tenths of a watt to attract the armature; and an energy of only forty-five one-hundreths of a watt to hold the signal in the clear position.

As an example of the small amount of electrical energy required to operate these clutches, it may be stated that with a battery of two and one-half volt, a current of 85 millamperes will attract the armature (this current being used only during the first or following second required to clear the signal), and a current of 17 millamperes to hold the signal clear. 50 lbs. of liquified gas, costing four and one-half cents per pound is sufficient as an average to operate a semaphore arm 10,000 times; that is, the cost of the gas for operating a a signal arm is 22.5 cents for a thousand operations. Figured on a basis of 20,000 signal operations per year, the cost of the material for the operation of a single gas signal under a normally clear circuit is \$4.50 for the gas and \$1.50 for the electrical energy, figured at \$1.00 per renewal per cell of potash battery. Under a normally danger system the cost of battery renewals is proportionately less. The cost of labor per. signal is also materially reduced with the electro-gas signal, as the batteries do not require frequent renewal, and it is necessary to charge a tank at a signal, once for each 10,000 operations.

In addition to the small cost of operation,

the gas signal has the following advantages over other forms of automatic semaphore signal, viz:

1st.—As an independent power signal its advantages over all forms of compressed air signals are apparent in that the power for each signal is independent of the other signals in a system, and any derangement or accident to the connections of a signal affect that signal only.

2d.—The power available to operate the gas signal can be made as great as desired.

3d.—The signal arm is maintained in the proceed position by the continued energization of the magnets. The valve which controls the flow of gas into the cylinder is open only during the operation of the signal, and there is accordingly no chance for this valve to freeze or stick while open and hold the signal arm in the proceed position when the clutch magnets are de-energized.

4th.—The design of the mechanism is simpler than in any other form of automatic semaphore signal.

5th.—The gas which escapes from the cylinder into the signal cases keeps the air which surrounds the mechanism free from moisture, and prevents the accumulation of frost on the working parts, and the consequent stiffening of the working joints.

6th.—There are no delicate parts in the mechanism, such as motor-commutator, that are affected by exposure to weather influences. From tests made in actual practice it has been found that the electro-gas signal will reliably operate when exposed to the severest storms.

7th.—On account of the small amount of electrical energy required to operate the clutch magnets on the gas machine, quite as good results are obtained from potash batteries placed in the signal cases, during severe winter weather as during the milder seasons.

By all the above considerations it may be seen at once that this system is undoubtedly more efficient and cheaper than any other for steam railroad purpose; bnt in the electric railroads, where the energy may be supplied directly from the track, the electric system is preferable.

G. L. TREVINO, M. E. E., '08.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Last Saturday night the verdict in the case of Ubetti v. Vane was returned by a jury composed of C. J. Jureyscheck, D. A. Schinners, O. L. Fox, R. C. Donovan, L. J. Keach, and R. D. Rogers. The counsel for the plaintiff were F. J. Hanzel and J. W. McInerny; the counsel for defendant, R. C. Madden and R. J. Feig. The evidence adduced the following:

Statement of Facts:

Mrs. Claudine Vane is a widow and resides in South Bend. Mrs. Susan Smart is a near neighbor and one of her most intimate friends. Daniel W. Vane, the husband, died in 1901, and left her a large estate. She and her friend Susan often conversed about the late Mr. Vane and how good, generous and devoted he had been.

A year ago Susan said: "My dear Claudine, you ought to perpetuate in some substantial way the memory of that good man, that indulgent husband, that honored citizen, and, according to my view, a life-size picture of him would be just the thing to adorn your palatial home and prove your constancy in cherishing his memory."

"Yes; a very good idea, as it seems to me," answered Mrs. Vane, "but where could I find an artist capable of doing justice to my dear Dan?"

"Oh, have no fear on that score," rejoined Mrs. Smart, assuringly. "I have even now in mind the man you need for that work. He is the famous Signor Ubetti, who recently opened a studio on Washington Street and will remain in South Bend a year or two, and may live here permanently. He is a great artist, and if you give him the order and the picture of Daniel that you would like to have enlarged and limned out with life-like expression upon canvas, I am sure that you can count upon him to do first-class work. So confident am I of his skill that I feel warranted in saying on his behalf that you need not take or pay for the picture unless you are satisfied with it."

After some moments of reflection Mrs. Vane said: "Well, Susan, you know that I place great reliance upon your tact and

judgment. If Signor Ubetti will do the work as you say, be good enough to tell him that I give him the order. He may call to-morrow for the photograph."

This was done. It appeared later that Mrs. Smart was acting as an agent in soliciting orders for Signor Ubetti, who had promised to pay her a commission of one-fourth of the price agreed upon for each order. The picture of the late Mr. Vane was finished five months ago. People generally spoke of it in terms of unqualified praise and said that it had a remarkably natural and life-like expression. The artist presented it with his bill for \$600 to Mrs. Vane, but after examining it, she declined to accept it or pay the bill. She gave no reason for refusing to take it, but said simply: "I am not satisfied with it."

The artist brings suit on his claim for \$600.

The jury after an extended deliberation returned a verdict for the plaintiff, whereupon a motion for a new trial was entered by counsel for defense, and the hearing of the argument for the motion set for this afternoon at 4:30 p. m.

*
*
*

Judge Marcus Kavanagh, Judge of the Superior Court, Chicago, began last week his course of lectures on Common Law Pleadings. His subject is essentially practical. In choice diction and with striking lucidity of explanation he showed how the system originated, carrying his hearers from the verbal altercations of litigants in early days to the time when the courts were regularly established at Westminster and divided into the High Court of Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer. He explained the use of the bill in Chancery, the original writ in the King's Bench and Common Pleas and the bill *quo minus* in the Exchequer. He went deeply into the history of common law actions, and made luminous and interesting a theme ordinarily regarded as exceptionally obscure and technical. His next lecture is set for this evening. It will be delivered in the law room and elucidate the difficulties encountered by stu-

dents in framing the declaration and stating a cause of action.

Prof. Edward C. Higgins, who accompanied Judge Kavanagh on his recent visit to Notre Dame, is connected with the Chicago College of Law, and ranks exceptionally high as an authority on common law pleadings. He is to deliver after Easter at Notre Dame a course of lectures on the law of Insurance, and an incidental "quiz" may afford opportunity to young men of the Law Class to tell what they know about pleadings.

Athletic Notes.

Captain McNerny has handled the baseball squad for week number one. Coach Arndt left last Saturday night and since then the men have been in charge of McNerny. Batting practice is still the daily routine and will continue to be until the men can go outside.

Tobin has again made his appearance and his arm may strengthen the pitching staff considerably.

O'Gorman's injury will keep him out of the game for a week or two. Although nothing serious, it is deemed advisable that he should take a good rest before again entering upon the duties of a "slabist."

Tobin was forced to lay off for several weeks due to a lame arm. Last year Tobin showed much promise and this season he should develop into a valuable man. Our pitching department needs strengthening as we have had but two men who have shown ability so far, and if Tobin can prove that he has the goods he will be fixed for business.

The man with the secret initials is still at it. The light which came from the pitcher's box wherein he stood is out. But the moon is put to shame and the sun fades into a lightning bug when compared with the luminous rays coming from the far end of the Gym when he stands in the field.

"Liz" and James Leroy Keeffe pulled off the first sensational play of the year. Coming in on a fast one, fooling the "rooters" completely as they thought, he intended to

stop it. He passed his beautifully curved arm over it, and the ball settled into the long graceful fingers that waited so patiently behind. The Man Behind was "Liz."

Like a grim man of medieval times he stood—he was in the pitcher's box;—clouds hung upon his marble face and his heart was filled with interminable sorrow; his eyes rolled, his fingers sought his throat. Hands were heavily laid upon him to restrain him—the hands were his own—from doing himself injury; all of which means Tobin was pitching. O'Gorman came to bat and received one that caused his "inward flutter to cease fluttering." Still Tom "didn't mean to." O'Gorman is in the infirmary; Tobin continues to shoot them.

Mr. Mike Marcus McCarthy has the record for the year as being the fastest talker on the baseball squad.

Birmingham was on the "repair bench" for the past few days.

Captain Murray of What is the only loyal man in the school to the eleven laps in the Gym. Not one day since last Christmas has the Captain missed, and if his health continues and he continues going out every day, there will come a time when "those who also ran were Captain Murray, etc."

Waldorf has at last been dragged away from his books and has promised to take an hour each day in limbering up his arm that he may in the end pitch a few baseball games for Notre Dame. Waldorf is undoubtedly one of the best pitchers we ever had and his appearance has raised baseball stock 50 per cent. Last year he played left field and took his turn in the box. He is a good, fast fielder and a good hitter. With "Old Man" O'Gorman, and two pitchers who are also fielders and good hitters, we can see the Indiana championship now—almost.

Last Thursday South Bend High School defeated Carroll Hall at basket-ball by a score of 19 to 17.

Book Reviews.

Wild Birds at Notre Dame

PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY, edited by George Rice Carpenter, Columbia University. Longmans, Green and Co.

By all odds the best edition we have seen of this fine classic. A book of 459 pages, it permits of large type, and hence is no half-way house to antiquatism; neatly and durably bound it is calculated to survive the use to which its possessor is sure to put it. A luminous introduction offers valuable suggestions to both student and teacher. Palgrave's own notes are supplemented by those of Prof. Carpenter who is not the less scholarly because he differs at times with his author. An index to first lines and an index to authors are good, but it has always seemed to us a serious omission in editions of the Golden Treasury that there was no direct index to the poems themselves, independent of author or lines. A second edition of the work in hand ought to supply this deficiency.

ELIZABETH GASKELL'S "CRANFORD," edited by Professor Franklin T. Baker, A. M. Teachers' College, Columbia University.

This is another of those admirable classics which Longmans, Green and Co. have placed within easy reach of all lovers of good English. The introduction is thorough, showing the book's place in English literature and is not too dryly critical to destroy our desire to be attentive to the small details which make the worth of a book. The notes are brief and to the point, and really explain without confusing. The binding is substantial and just the thing for the classroom.

HENRY V., edited by Prof. George C. Odell of Columbia University.

In the preface the editor says: "The aim in editing this work has been to help the young student to understand the play and to help interest him in Shakespeare." Among other valuable things the introduction contains a good life of Shakespeare. The notes are carefully prepared and reflect the author's thorough knowledge of the original. The book should prove a valuable addition to the class-room library.

The study of wild birds is one of the most fascinating that can be found. In nearly every county of the middle and eastern states a hundred varieties can be readily identified. In Indiana over two hundred species have been seen by observers. Here at Notre Dame a local bird-lover found nearly fifty in one season. It is with the hope of interesting the students in the study of our native wild birds that a series of short sketches has been prepared for publication in the SCHOLASTIC. It is too bad that most boys grow to manhood and do not know more than a dozen of our common birds. A better knowledge of our birds will lead to a greater appreciation of them and a consequent protection of them against ignorant or vicious persons.

The fifty species described in these sketches have all been seen and studied by the writer here at Notre Dame. Lack of space, however, permits only a meagre account of each variety. Still sufficient is said about each bird to give the reader facts enough to identify it with a little painstaking observation. No glass of any kind will be needed to find every bird of the fifty varieties included in these sketches.

The markings used in these brief descriptions are mostly from that very excellent handbook, "Our Common Birds and How to Know Them," by John B. Grant. No better book of convenient size and shape to take into the fields than this modest work of Mr. Grant's can be found. There are in it a large number of plates, but they are not colored. The book has gone through eleven editions. Scribner Bros. are the publishers.

THE ROBIN.

The robin is the first of the migrants to return to its northern home. It braves the cold winds of early March and gladdens the hearts of all at its first appearance. If the weather is not too inclement, the robin will begin to build its nest after the middle of the month and before there are any leaves on the maples. Not until spring has advanced well into April does the robin, like most other birds, sing the heartiest.

The following is a complete description of the robin's appearance: "Above olive-gray; head and throat black; breast and belly chestnut-brown; under-side of rump white; wings dark-brown, some of the feathers with light edges; tail black, slightly rounded, the outside feathers tipped with white; bill yellow; feet dark. Length, 10 inches."

THE BLUEBIRD.

The bluebird also comes north early in March and like the robin starts to build soon after its arrival. I once observed a pair of these birds flying to and from a short piece of pipe that had been stood upright in the soft marl near Saint Joseph's Lake. I examined the pipe and found the birds had already built a nest in it. Unfortunately, they never made use of it, for some one removed the pipe soon after the nest was finished. These pretty birds, with soft, warbling notes, usually bring out two broods, and then they gather together in small flocks.

The bluebird is marked as follows: "Above azure-blue; throat and upper-breast cinnamon; belly dull white; eyes large; tail and wings broad, the former slightly notched; bill and legs black. Length, 7 inches."

THE SONG SPARROW.

The song sparrow, which arrives about the same time as the bluebird, is the cheeriest and most persistent singer of all our northern birds. During the cold, windy weather in March he bravely sings his sweet song from tree or bush by the roadside. In fact, so accustomed are we to hear this bird sing in the country that without its song we should hardly believe we were in the country. But notwithstanding the fact that you can not go into the country without hearing the canary-like notes of the song sparrow, yet the majority of those who hear the bird sing never learn even its name. What a pity that it should be so!

The song sparrow may be identified by the following description: "Above streaked with black and brown; crown chestnut with small black stripes; under parts white streaked with black and brown; wing feathers edged with dull red; tail brown, long and nearly even; bill and feet pale brown. Length, 6:30 inches."

Local Items.

—March!?

—A Lenten suggestion quite worthy of an English Professor seeking after delinquent duties: "Get busy with your (pen)ance."

—St. Edward's Hall has taken the lion's share in contributing materially and spiritually to the better observance of the Forty Hours Adoration. Let not the other halls be crestfallen; we shall soon have Maundy Thursday with its golden opportunity for displaying fervor and generosity.

—Outside the store he "boned" his good Friend for "a half." He with the money shoved his hands in his pockets till the strain told heavily on his hips, and while emitting fumes from an "N. D. best" looked through the grayish fog that encircled him, up into heaven's blue, and mused: "'Friendsied Finance, what do you s'pose he meant?'"

—At a meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society last Sunday evening the following officers were elected: President, Raymond Blum; Vice-President, Fred Eggeman; Secretary, William Heyl; Treasurer, James Cook; Sergeant-at-Arms, Pomphile De Pew; Chaplain, James O'Leary. A reporter to the SCHOLASTIC will be elected at the next meeting. A committee has been appointed to arrange for a return debate with the St. Joseph Literary Society to take place some time in May.

—The Spectator stood in the doorway of the "rec" room, and for a moment saw nothing but fog, and heard nothing but noise. By degrees he pierced the fog and discovered the fellows, some seated around playing cards, some quietly smoking, while others spoke—well, of him who had "weeded them off the squad." Out of the din came "Little Johnny Jones," and even the spectator knew 'twas R. N.'s fault—R. N. who plays always without being asked, and who never gets applauded. He doesn't want it, it's out of place, for he knows playing just like his is what is wanted when everybody talks and laughs and smokes. Such a babel of voices, of playing and singing made the spectator wonder, while beside him some unknown asked for the "makings." As he saw him get it the spectator wondered anew, for the giver had only "enough for one." Still in this free-masonry of the smoker's world no questions were asked or looks given. As he "rolled" it, the spectator noticed the tinge of gold on the fingers and the gleam of satisfaction in the face, but he thought of none of these things, only of the good-fellowship of it all, and, "Still," he said, "there are pessimists who call them coffin-nails."